

## Mercy by femmesteve

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**Summary:**

Tickle fights

# Mercy

## Author's Note:

SEND ME YOUR KINKS AND SHIT AND ILL WRITE  
IT FOR YOU ON TUMBLR!!: @FemmeSteve

Billy Hargrove was extremely ticklish. Steve found this out quite easily as they were laying in bed lazily one day. His fingers brushed against Billy's toned stomach, causing the muscles to quiver. Billy shoved his hand away, a surprised puff of air escaping his nose. Steve's eyebrows shot up.

"Ticklish, Hargrove?" He asked, hand already poised to strike again.

Billy was never able to respond. He emitted a noise of alarm as Steve jumped on top of him, straddling his legs and moving his fingers along his naked sides. Billy arched, a helpless giggle leaving his lips as he swatted at Steve's hands.

"STEVE!" Billy yelled, tears beginning to prick at his eyes.

Steve was laughing too, amused as hell and with no intention of letting up. Billy was practically wheezing, trying to buck away from his offending boyfriend.

Steve blanked as Billy suddenly took him by the wrists and flipped them over, making it so that he was the one on bottom. Shit, he was dead.

Billy was breathing hard, squeezing Steve's wrists in a death grip. Billy's face was bright red with embarrassment, and he looked pretty mad. Steve scrunched down a little in mock shame.

Steve yelled out as Billy shoved his shirt up and began to tickle his sides. A malicious grin had spread across Billy's face as he took his revenge. He tickled his boyfriend relentlessly until Steve was pink cheeked and breathing raggedly, tears slipping down his warm face.

"Mercy!" Steve cried out breathlessly, arching his back hard as he squirmed beneath the bigger boy, "Mercy, Billy, please!" He repeated,

earning a chuckle from the other.

Steve moaned weakly, twisting around as he tried to escape Billy's fingers. Billy relented at last, only because his fingers had begun to cramp. He looked down at his flushed boyfriend, panting beneath him and felt a pang of arousal. Steve was weakened by the attack, still laughing weakly and clutching his sore sides.

Billy shoved Steve's shirt up further, bunching it at his chin. Steve squealed, expecting another attack and began to thrash. However, instead Billy leaned down to press their naked chests together and connect their panting mouths. Steve arched again, his cock twitching in interest as he calmed down again.

Steve wrapped his legs around Billy's waist so that he could press their ground together, receiving a low groan from Billy in response. Steve immediately began to rut, his lips falling open for Billy's spearing tongue. He moaned brokenly as he felt how hard Billy was for him. He knew that it was somehow a power thing. Billy loved to reduce him to what he currently was, defeated and pliant, beneath him and wanting.

Billy pressed hard against Steve, pinning him onto the bed with his body. Billy moved on to licking hot stripes up Steve's neck, tasting his sweaty skin. Steve moved with Billy's brusque thrusts, pulling lightly on the blond's hair as he chased orgasm. He knew it would be weak, but god he wanted it. He felt so hot, everything was warm and hazy in the room.

Billy bit down hard on the crook of Steve's neck, the pain mixing with the dry pleasure and Steve came, crying out with his eyes squeezed closed. Billy continued to press his clothed cock into Steve's, rutting in tight circles until he came as well, feeling it smear the front of his boxers.

Billy pressed lazy, wet kisses to Steve's slack mouth, panting hard against his sweaty skin. Steve ran his fingers through Billy's locks in a slow movement, encouraging. The room was stuffy and his clothes were sticking to his sweaty body.